

The Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

STEPHEN M. HOLIN, Editor and Proprietor.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1873.

Vol. I, No. 40.

The Bloomfield Record.

A LIVE

Local Newspaper.

Only \$1.50 a Year in Advance.

OFFICE, GLENWOOD AVE., NEAR M. & E. DEPOT.

Independent, Non Partisan, Incorruptible.

Devoted to
LOCAL AFFAIRS,
GENERAL NEWS,
CHOICE LITERATURE,
HOME CULTURE AND IMPROVEMENT.

"The Record"

Is the ONLY Weekly Newspaper Published and Printed
in Bloomfield, and is unquestionably THE Paper of
THE PEOPLE.

Legitimate Advertisements

Inserted on reasonable terms. Advertisers who avail
themselves of its columns will find it a first-class me-
dium, circulating as it does in the best families of
Bloomfield, Montclair, and vicinity.

"THE RECORD"

Job Printing Office

Is furnished with the

Newest and Latest Styles of Type,

MATERIAL AND PRESSES.

We are prepared to do promptly and in the Neatest
Manner ALL KINDS OF PRINTING. Such as
BILLS, BUSINESS CARDS,

HAND BILLS,
POSTERS,
PAMPHLETS,
AC., AC., &C.

Patronize the Home Office.

Banks and Insurance.

INSURE IN THE
HUMBOLDT
(MUTUAL)

INSURANCE COMPANY.

ASSETS OVER \$200,000.

OFFICE 753 BROAD STREET.

(Essex County National Bank Building.)

NEWARK, N. J.

This Company insures against loss and damage by
fire, Dwellings, Furniture, Buildings and Merchandise,
at favorable rates, either on the MUTUAL or NON-PARTI-
CIPATING PLANS.

OFFICERS:

ELMER F. HIGGINS, Sec'y, GEORGE BROWN, Pres't,
JAMES A. HEDDEN, Treas., E. W. McCLAVE, Vice Pres't

People's Savings Institution.

445 BROAD STREET,

NEWARK, N. J.

It is within a few doors of the Morris & Essex rail
road depot, and continues to pay interest on deposits at
the rate of seven (7) per cent. per annum. It being an
"up town" institution, it is largely patronized by "up
town" people, as well as those from the townships near
by. Patronage solicited.

H. M. RHODES, President.

ALEX. GRANT, Treasurer.

Newark Savings Institution.

809, 802, 804 Broad St., Cor. Mechanic St.,

NEWARK, N. J.

DEPOSITS made on or before Oct. 1st draw interest
from that date.

DANIEL DODD, Pres't.

WM. D. CARTER, Treas.

ESSEX COUNTY MUTUAL

INSURANCE COMPANY.

CHARTERED IN 1843.

Office on Liberty street, a few doors east of Broad,
Bloomfield.

This Company continues to insure Dwellings, Barns,
Gloves and other country property, on terms more fa-
vorable than any other Company. It has no novelty risks,
and is therefore liable to no great disaster like the Chi-
cago fire.

T. C. DODD, Sec'y.

Bloomfield Savings Institution,

LIBERTY STREET, NEAR BROAD.

On the 25th of July next this Institution will pay
interest at the rate of SEVEN PER CENT. per an-
num on all sums which shall have remained on deposit
for three months next preceding the

First Day of July Next,

which interest, if not withdrawn, will itself bear in-
terest from said first day of July. And all sums de-
posited on or before the first day of July next, will bear
interest from that date.

T. C. DODD, Treas.

Professional and Business Cards.

DR. C. N. STOCKTON,

DENTIST.

(Successor to Drs. Colburn)

No 15 Cedar street,
Newark, N. J.

J. B. PITT, M. D.

HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Residence on Broad Street three doors above Presby-
terian Church.

Office hours 7 to 9 A. M. and 5 to 7 P. M.

F. E. BAILEY, M. D.

RESIDENCE:

C. W. JOHNSON'S, FRANKLIN ST.

Office Hours: 7 to 9 A. M. and 6 to 8 P. M.

JAMES HUGHES,

SURVEYOR:

OFFICE, MASONIC HALL, RAILROAD AVENUE,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

THOMAS TAYLOR,

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,

AND

NOTARY PUBLIC.

Office at his residence on Bloomfield avenue,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

JOSEPH K. OAKES,

SURVEYOR, CONVEYANCER,

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,

BLOOMFIELD AVE.,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

P. HURLBURT,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

SHOP ON ARTISAN STREET, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Opposite the Railroad Depot.

STAIR BUILDING, Pattern Making, etc. Jobbing of all
kinds Neatly Done and Promptly Attended to.

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES

TO BE HAD AT

Open on Sundays, 9 to 10 A. M., 12 to 1, and 5 to 6 P. M.

JOSEPH H. EVELAND,

PRACTICAL PAINTER,

SIGN-WRITING,

ORNAMENTAL PAINTING,

GRAINING, GILDING, &c., &c.

Cover Linden avenue and Thomas street,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

All orders promptly executed.

R. LEWIS,

Thirty years a practical Watch and Clock Maker, ex-
ecutes Repairs of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and
Fancy Articles with neatness and dispatch.

RAILROAD AVENUE, BLOOMFIELD.

SAMUEL CARL,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Keeps constantly on hand

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, READY MADE

CLOTHING & GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

BROAD STREET, BLOOMFIELD.

JAMES BERRY,

WASHINGTON AVE., BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Furniture and Pianos MOVED WITH CARE. Also Gen-
eral TRUCKING and other TEAM WORK.

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

JAMES ALBINSON,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

MYRTLE STREET,

Near Watessing Depot, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

JOHN JAGER,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

RAILROAD AVENUE, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Jan. 24-17

SMITH E. PERRY

REAL ESTATE AGENT AND AUCTIONEER,

BROAD STREET, ABOVE BENSON,

Bloomfield, New Jersey.

THEODORE CADMUS,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER.

All kinds of jobbing promptly attended to.

Residence, Thomas street. Shop, State street, near
Liberty.

R. D. BROWER,

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENCY.

WATESSING DEPOT,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Houses and Lots for Sale and Houses to Let.

Miscellany.

AUTUMN TINTS.

Fade summer light in purple splendor dying;
Sleep summer wind beneath the tranquil sky;
Wade, with the glow of thousand banners flying,
Flushed with her glory, autumn hurries by.

Best summer dreams of tree tops leafy straying,
Best, silver-throated, trailing wood-notes loud,
Fair awarded paths beneath the woodland straying,
Green meadows crossed by sunshine and by cloud.

Rest in our heart with memories sweet and tender—
Perfume of roses downward dropped in June—
Noon's drowsy hush and sunset's awful splendor—
Sea calm asleep beneath the silver moon.

Until some dawn of golden promise breaking,
Rolls back the stone from winter's shrouded tomb,
And, from the silent sleep of death awaking,
Life springs again to burgeon and to bloom.

Thus, O my God! let memory walk beside us,
Holding with Hope communion deep and fond,
Knowing while'er of gloom or grief betide us,
Light, joy and love still wait the dawn beyond.

—Baton Transcript.

DRIFTWOOD.

An Elizabethan horse-collar is a Western
invention.

This is the time for sentimental girls to
gather autumn leaves and honest's nests.

When you hear a man say the world owes
him a living, don't leave any hams lying
around loose.

When they tin-wedding a minister in Bos-
ton they give him a tin hat of the stove-pipe
persuasion.

A clergyman removing from one city to
another marked a large box containing his
sermons. "Keep dry."

A Connecticut thief who stole a farmer's
watermelons sent the seeds back in a letter,
requesting him to plant them for next year.

A man at Dallas, Texas, got a whole ap-
ple in his mouth, but it (the apple) had to
be out to pieces before it could be got out.

A veteran observer says that a little baby
is an easy thing to love, but a big baby is a
hard thing to love, especially if you have
married her—or him.

A little girl was asked what was the mean-
ing of the word happy. She gave a pretty
answer, saying, "It is to feel as if you
wanted to give all your things to your little
sister."

An unmarked letter was deposited in the
Marshall (Ind.) post office last week, and
underneath the address was written:

insure air one of them post-hole keepers.
This queen city of Italian art, and she lost no
time in preparing herself for the opera.

Among such interesting incidents as sev-
eral offers of marriages, one by a nobleman,
the training days passed rapidly away, and
at last she appeared on the Florence stage
as prima donna at the moment when her
father had fallen in a fit, which he did not
long survive.

As a proof of her success, being offered
engagements at the principal theatres of
Europe, she turned her steps homeward,
singing as she went.

On reaching Dresden
she was naturally drawn by curiosity to the
country seat where her father had been
brought up as the son of a Count's house-
keeper. The Count she found was dead,
but inquiring among the old people she was
amazed to discover that her father was the
heir to his estate as his only son; and that
could she discover certain missing papers in
America, the claims of her family to this
heirless estate would be made good. When
you think of it, the next incident is per-
haps stranger than the other. She sent of course
to America for these valuable documents,
and "no hide or hair of them" could be
found at Boston, nor at Springfield, where
they ought to have been, but at the most
unlikely place in the world, a Chicago gar-
ret, in a barrel of paper-waste, which ought
long ago to have gone to the nearest man-
ufacturer: but Germans are not Yankees.
The property, I think, was not grand affair
after all, as it had been encumbered by the
owner's indulgent habits, and burdened by
borrowed money, still, its fame brought
fresh offers and more eager ones, as these
metallic charms have a clear ring the world
round: finally, the exceedingly popular
singer became attached to a Portuguese prin-
cess much older than herself, but a very devoted
lover and passionately fond of music.

After some years of generous, persevering
attachment on his part, a morganatic mar-
riage was consummated: she received the
title of Countess of Lucoa, and gave up a
public career forever—a real calamity to her
friends in America, who naturally hoped to
be rewarded for their effort by the luxury
of her bird like strains in the most refined
of recreations.

Then occurred the most singular event of
all. After trying several royal houses in vain
with the offer of a vacant throne, Spain pre-
sented its crown as a free gift to the husband
of my gifted and graceful friend. Unhappily
there is a fundamental law in that very an-
tiquated monarchy, that no foreign woman
can ever sit upon the throne; and though
every other honor was offered, this was de-
nied with the utmost Spanish dignity. Very
gallantly as I think, she determined to have
the whole or none—to thrust from her this
tinzel show if it was to be no more substan-
tial than the paper crown of the theatre.

So she induced her husband to reject the
tempting offer: and next the empty palace
invited in a German prince, who very wisely
rejected the offer just as France was getting
inflamed by this accession to its enemy's

power: and then because King William
would not promise Napoleon never to listen
to such proposals any more, broke out this
fearful strife, which cost so many thousand
German and French lives, saddled France
with a crushing debt, enlarged Germany
with two provinces on the Rhine, but put
back the progress of humanity by half a
century at least. All because an American
girl would not be mocked by the shadow of
power where real power was not: would not
fit through that gloomy Madrid palace
merely as a ghost: would not sit at her
husband's side in private, his unques-
tionable superior, and in public be kept
"below the salt" as a mere appendage of
royalty.

THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

BY REV. F. W. HOLLAND.

Some forty years ago a German from the
neighborhood of Dresden arrived at New
York, with his wife, a thousand dollars and
the trade of a tailor. Here, in the process
of acclimating, our friend was taken sick,
spent all his money, got discouraged, and
was easily persuaded to try his fortunes in
Chicago, then bursting into notice as a
grand field of adventure. At Chicago, two
daughters were the generous gift of Provi-
dence, but no business success: he worked
chiefly for his own countrymen, and they
paid very moderately: he made no dash in
business, and so was decidedly out of place.
Wearied at last with this severe struggle for
daily bread amidst some social influences
that he deplored, and hearing of the many
attractions of Springfield from somebody
who worked in the Army, he moved down
to the very heart of the old Bay State, and
hoped he had found his life's home. Here,
as his eldest daughter, a fair-haired blue-
eyed, well formed lassie was singing to her-
self one June afternoon, the great Burdiali
heard her, and offered his inimitable services
gratuitously for her vocal culture. Of course
the family did not "look the gift-horse in
the mouth," as the saying is: and Elsie, (as
I shall call her) made admirable progress
under his inspiration. How many months
passed I cannot remember and the same
Autumn day, two gentlemen chanced to
hear the girl amusing herself at the piano,
as they were passing through the retired
street. They were enchanted with the sil-
very sweetness of her voice, and were deter-
mined to transfer the young singing bird to
a Boston choir: and after some little com-
petition, Dr. Derby won the prize, and was
soon followed to Boston by Elsie and her
family: the young lady becoming the chief
attraction at the Stone Chapel, winning
continually new friends by the sweetness of
her manners, her unaffected simplicity of
character and her delicious tones of voice.
As she never relaxed her practice, and had
really superior gifts, it is not strange that
Dr. Derby, becoming deeply interested, pro-
posed that her musical education should be
perfected at Florence, and very generously
undertook to defray the expenses.

Wife, with the glow of thousand banners flying,
Flushed with her glory, autumn hurries by.

Best summer dreams of tree tops leafy straying,
Best, silver-throated, trailing wood-notes loud,
Fair awarded paths beneath the woodland straying,
Green meadows crossed by sunshine and by cloud.

Rest in our heart with memories sweet and tender—
Perfume of roses downward dropped in June—
Noon's drowsy hush and sunset's awful splendor—
Sea calm asleep beneath the silver moon.

Until some dawn of golden promise breaking,
Rolls back the stone from winter's shrouded tomb,
And, from the silent sleep of death awaking,
Life springs again to burgeon and to bloom.

Thus, O my God! let memory walk beside us,
Holding with Hope communion deep and fond,
Knowing while'er of gloom or grief betide us,
Light, joy and love still wait the dawn beyond.

—Baton Transcript.

THE FROST AND THE FEVER.

BY REV. F. W. HOLLAND.

power: and then because King William
would not promise Napoleon never to listen
to such proposals any more, broke out this
fearful strife, which cost so many thousand
German and French lives, saddled France
with a crushing debt, enlarged Germany
with two provinces on the Rhine, but put
back the progress of humanity by half a
century at least. All because an American
girl would not be mocked by the shadow of
power where real power was not: would not
fit through that gloomy Madrid palace
merely as a ghost: would not sit at her
husband's side in private, his unques-
tionable superior, and in public be kept
"below the salt" as a mere appendage of
royalty.

The coming of the frost at Memphis is
thus described: "Before daybreak hastily
attired men and woman, with semi-nude
children in their arms, were out in the streets
breathing the precious air of the purifying
frost. Here, stooping down, one gathered
a handful of the glittering hoar-frost, which,
pure and beautiful, lay upon the earth, and,
gazing on it with somewhat of the gladden-
ing spirit with which the Israelite gathered
the manna in the desert of Arabia, exclaim-
ed, 'Oh, God, we thank Thee for this blessing!'
Others came and touched with rever-
ential fingers the pure, cold messenger
of health, as if to satisfy themselves, like
the half-believing Thomas of old, that the
savior of the city had not risen but descend-
ed from heaven, to save the people from
the destroying angel of the pestilence.

Groups of men and woman moved from
place to place to prove by cumulative evi-
dence that indeed it was frost, and not some
other illness; that the wished-for guest had
not merely confined its visitations to one
locality, but enjoyed the freedom of the city.
Here a pale face, once a handsome woman,
with a tender babe at her breast, knelt down
on the cold ground to thank God that the
frost had come! Poor, stricken heart! she
and her orphan boy were all that the pes-
tilence had spared out of a once happy fam-
ily. Strong men, bare-headed and bare-armed,
walked excitedly hither and thither, re-
joicing in the fact that a shivering but not
yielding precedence as the only true panacea
for the terrible yellow fever. Windows and
doors were thrown open, woollen and cotton
garments were exposed to the disinfecting
agency of the cold and rarefied air, and
everywhere in the city there was marked
enthusiasm."

College Hazing.

The New Bedford Mercury tells the fol-
lowing wonderful tale of college hazing: "It
occurred, if we remember correctly, in 1862.
It was noticed by some sophomores that two
country boys had begun their housekeeping
in a room on the ground floor of one of the
college halls, with a miserable apology for a
bed, no carpet, no table, and only two chairs
as the sum total of their outfit. It was
learned, also, that they proposed to board
themselves, and had only a few dollars for
their food during the term. On this hint
they acted. One night the poor, trembling
youths were summoned by a 'soph,' who
was not over courteous, to go to a room up
stairs. Up stairs they went, pale and trem-
bling, expecting to be dealt with without
mercy. They were detained there an hour
or so, not being molested, but only quizzed
by the circle of 'soph's' in the room. Then
they were dismissed to their own room.

When they entered it it was over a nice new
carpet. There was a tasteful bedstead and
appurtenances, a study table, chairs, a lamp,
a bookcase, a stove, etc., and in a closet they
found provisions for several days. This
was hazing to a blessed purpose. We fear
that the example stands almost or quite
alone."

His Thinking (Night) Cap.

The season approaches, says the Danbury
News, when the boy of the period turns his
mind to meditation. At the hour of eight
P. M. strikes, he softly withdraws from the
table where he has been engaged in digging
the putty from a nail head, and unosten-
tantly deposits himself back of the stove to
think. We are particular to emphasize this
word, because there is an impression on the
part of his parents and his elder sister who
has the honor of escorting him to bed nights,
that he is going to sleep. They go so far
as to openly express this belief, but he stoutly
denies it, and immediately proceeds to
demonstrate the gross injustice of the insin-
uation by humming some familiar piece.

Pretty soon the humming ceases; there is a
significant movement at the table, and then
it is presumed again, and continues for five
minutes, when it gradually dies out, and all
is silent back of the stove. When the boy
comes to again, he is lifted to his feet by
his wristband, and cuffed on the head to in-
dicate that it is after ten o'clock. He makes
a desperate attempt to find where he left
off on the tune, but ignominiously fails, and
five minutes later is stumbling up stairs,
with an interested and active sister in his
rear, firmly but faintly maintaining that
he was not asleep, but only thinking.

Selecting A Wife.

We have heard of this test being applied
to several girls, but John Starkley was the
man who applied it to the selection of a wife.

The Starkleys and the Belknaps had been
friends through several generations. In the
present generation there was, in the Starkley
family, one son, and in the family of Belknaps
there were five daughters; and it had been
arranged between the parents that the heir
of the Starkleys should take him a wife from
among the daughters of John Belknap.

John, the heir aforesaid, at the age of five
and twenty, had returned from his travels,
when his father bade him select from the
daughters of the friendly house the one he
would have for a wife. John was a dutiful
son, and his heart was whole, and as the
maidens were all fair to look upon he ac-
cepted the situation, and determined to
master it if possible.

John spent several evenings in the com-
pany of the young ladies, and it was diffi-
cult to decide which was the most charming,
though his fancy rested most lingeringly
upon the youngest—not that she was the
handsomest, but she appeared the most sen-
sible.

One day John was invited to dinner, and
in advance of the family he made his way
into the hall and threw a broom upon the
floor, directly across the passage to the din-
ing room. By and by the summons sounded
for the meal, and John watched for the re-
sult. The eldest daughter stepped over the
broom loftily. The second went around it.
The third kicked it. The fourth gave it an
extra kick. The fifth—the youngest—stoop-
ed and picked the broom up and took it to
the far corner of the hall and set it carefully
out of the way.

And John selected the meek-eyed, fair-
haired maiden who had thus stood the test,
and he never had occasion to regret the
choice. She proved to be a wife who look-
ed well to the ways of her household, and her
heart had no lack of faith and love.

Mark Twain's House.

A Hartford correspondent of the Spring-
field Union writes: The oldest piece of archi-
tecture in the city can be seen west of
Main street, on the corner of Main and
Broad (forgive the pun), has who left the
plans and contracts in the hands of a promi-
nent builder, who is pushing things rapidly
along. The style is indescribable, being
a sort of cross between a Mexican adobe hut
and a Swiss cottage, built of brick, to cost
about \$40,000. It stands not far from Gov-
ernor Jewell's, on the opposite side of the
street, on the edge of a hill, rather close to
the street, where it commands a fine view
to the west and north, and is just the sort
of house to cause a stranger to stop and in-